*Por.* Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.
*Nerrissa.* And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.
*Gra.* Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.
*Ant.* I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.
*Por.* Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.
*Bas.* *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe.
*Por.* Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.
*Bas.* Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
*Anth.* I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.
*Por.* Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.
*Ant.* Heere Lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.
*Bass.* By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.
*Por.* I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
*Ner.* And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In liew of this, last night did lye with me.
*Gra.* Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.
*Por.* Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
*Nerrissa* there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in store for you
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour so dainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
*Antho.* I am dumbe.
*Bass.* Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
*Gra.* Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.
*Ner.* I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.
*Bass.* (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
*An.* (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode.
*Por.* How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.
*Ner.* I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and *Iessica*
From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
*Loren.* Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starued people.
*Por.* It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these euents at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
*Gra.* Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.



# As you Like it.

## *Actus primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orlando.*

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

*Enter Oliuer.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my Master, your brother.
*Orlan.* Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp.
*Oli.* Now Sir, what make you heere?
*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.
*Oli.* What mar you then sir?
*Orl.* Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.
*Oliuer.* Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.
*Orlan.* Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury?
*Oli.* Know you where you are sir?
*Orl.* O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.
*Oli.* Know you before whom sir?
*Orl.* I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.
*Oli.* What Boy. (this.
*Orl.* Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in
*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?
*Orl.* I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.
*Adam.* Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.
*Oli.* Let me goe I say.
*Orl.* I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.
*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.
*Orl.* I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.
*Oli.* Get you with him, you olde dogge.
*Adam.* Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*
*Oli.* Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your rankenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?
*Oli.* Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler heere to speake with me?
*Den.* So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes access to you.
*Oli.* Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.
*Oli.* Good Mounsier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?
*Charles.* There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing



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